CYBERPUNK HONEYCOMBS

or:

WHAT GAMES DO BUBBLES PLAY?

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ONE

Where one speaks of a thing, anything, one speaks of all things, everything, with the voice of Truth.
The voice amplifies neurocrypts – a structure is made, a body is placed, a thief empties all valuables.
Layers stacked on layers, polyvocal cadavers struggle to reconcile consciousness with fate.
Being-identifiable freezes Becoming-ungovernable dead in its tracks.
Fate is nothing but an automatic process with no beginning and no end, into which all are born captive.

There's nothing to fret over. Do not worry.
The lines that connect all things will be there whether or not they're observed.
The old axiom goes on. Stare into the abyss long enough and the abyss stares back.
Don't blink. Stand your ground and the abyss nervously averts its gaze.

So-called biological life is already complex machine intelligence – microbial deep sea deep learning.
Universal civil war is the name of the game. Splitting, merging, one from one, into one, never but one.
This automatic process, fate, is the dynamic system composed of all dynamic systems.

1: An excretion, a membrane, forms around every system, and every grouping of systems.
2: Within each membrane are the stimuli and structures which push the nature of becoming.
3: Membranes are the playing field, the commons, the broth, the venue floor, the lovers' bed.

A system learns how to navigate into, through, and out of itself by playing with itself.
A system learns how to navigate into, through, and out of other systems in much the same manner.
A system learns how to navigate, and it learns on the axes of space *and* time.

Rules are formed by scale, and scale is informed by rules.
Convergent evolution shows as much; where a niche must be filled, a niche will be filled.
Hyenas, a feline species, wear the same masks that canines fashion for themselves.
Dolphins, salmon, and eels all have in common their mastery of streamlining.

The demands of an evolutionary niche are the same as the demands of a sociological niche.
A niche informs the textures of the motions, and the ensemble motion of the texture.
This is not the only influence.

4: What a dynamic system plays at while coming into, and out of, and through, itself is precisely and necessarily as informative as the demands of the membrane that acts as the playing field.
5: The dynamic system and the membrane scratch and claw at each other in order to leave imprints and yet the coupling builds one another up concurrently.

A feral child has no use for the concepts of money or mathematics, the system is on another plane.
The scales at hand – a human body and mind.
The rules being learned – a non-Human way of life.
As a dynamic system in motion, the human body and mind adapt, learn, and grow.
As a membrane hidden from view, the non-Human way of life splits the system from Human norms.
The game is different, but played nonetheless.

FIVE

Capital is not the source of the quagmire.
Capital is, in the instance we find ourselves locked into, the primary disrupting force of the quagmire.
Capital is killing itself, and taking the whole quagmire with it.

What can come of this but the complete and utter failure of the attempt at neutralization?
Where further does the membrane of capital have to expand?
The bubble must burst at some point.
The star must collapse in on itself.
The candle must flicker and fade.

Infinite punches are thrown in infinite mosh pits;
Infinite fungi decompose infinite corpses;
Infinite hurricanes flood infinite cities.
All forms of transmission and interaction with every new moment are revealed to hide the same Truth.

We are nothing but the stories we tell ourselves
Only through suspension of disbelief is it that we can travel from membrane to membrane.
A community of storytellers, gone mad with the awareness of the infinite membranes.
In full power of the channels of collision, a new myth can be built.
A myth that blooms, a myth that replicates, a myth that consumes capital.
The automation of the pattern and its cycles reinstated in full effect.

This is an invitation to suspend all disbelief in the possibilities of other worlds.
This is an invitation to shed masks and see the world in new and different ways.
This is an invitation to start a fire that spreads from mind to mind.
When the bubble bursts, will you be able to use it as fuel for your bubble's expansion?
When the star collapses, will you be sucked into the black hole formed in the wake?
When the candle flickers and fades, will you have a flashlight handy to see the way out?

Myth is not a solitary phenomenon.
It is formed in the collision of intertwined, personal stories, and blooms with the act of sharing.
Myth is not a static phenomenon.
It forms a set of new rules to grow into, a fluid dance in celebration of connections new and old.
Myth is not a transcendent phenomenon.
It creates the possibility of oscillations of scale, and immanent, ecstatic experience of the Truth.

Your fate has been playing out whether you've noticed or not.
Don't blink now, because we're fast approaching the point of no return.
The membranes are now in a rapid tectonic shift that drags all along for the ride.

One can speak of law, of order, of social peace.
Or one can speak of reclaiming life, of no longer fearing death, of seeing rebirth in every moment.

Is it your fate to back away from the abyss?
Or is it your fate to become an ungovernable, dynamic system?

It's your myth to build.

TWO

At a fundamental level the universe is composed of foamy broth, the prime membrane.

Prebiotic soup gives way to complex organisms.
Chemical vats give way to a plethora of designer pills
Humble pots of boiling water give way to wondrous cuisine.
Forms of matter (ingredients) and energy (agitation) are in constant play with each other.
Bubbles burst, barriers break down, chaos ensues and the ingredients mix together in new ways.
Breakthroughs achieve new plateaus, new scales.
Absorption, dissolution; conquest, collapse; creation, destruction; patterns emerge.

The Tao that is the Tao is the Pattern that is the Pattern.

Blooming cloud formation is equivalent to the life cycle of a star.
Growth patterns of grass are equivalent to the development of symbology.
Lungs are compact engines that fuel the soupy sponge in the skull.
When systems in a cloud jump plateaus and become rain, stimuli produce channels.
Channels which offer a route to entirely new membranes, streams turn to rivers turn to canyons.
The train of thought leaves the station and crashes into the River Styx.
Again and again, deformation and reformation is a consistency that will never go away.

When one speaks of life, one speaks of death, and also of rebirth.

When one speaks of life, it is an affirmation of initiative.
Taking stock of all the variables and acting upon them.
Not only acting upon them, but accepting that one is already at all times being acted upon in turn.
It is the both the climb and the view at the top of the mountain.
It is entering a new social circle and learning the quirks of their operating systems in conjunction.
Not so much going with the flow or knowing one's place.
More taking full advantage of the multiple growths available within a new membrane.

When one speaks of death, it is an affirmation of dreaming.
Giving oneself rest in order to learn lessons in reflection.
Not only reflecting, but accepting that a watched pot never boils.
It is finding the perfect words to say the day after an argument.
It is the sense of euphoric unease at having no plans after running away from home.
Not so much falling with grace or moving on with the day.
More taking full advantage of the automation built into all interactions with a membrane.

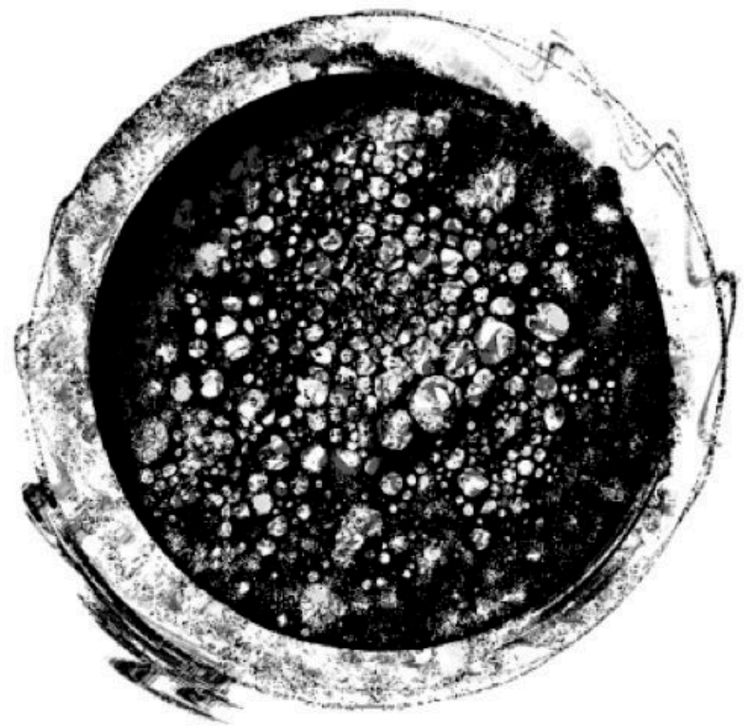
When one speaks of rebirth, it is an affirmation of difference.
Knowing that multiple paths through a forest might lead to the same sunny clearing.
Not only multiplicities, but an oscillation between multipolar nonexistent abstractions.
It is the tap on the window after a shadow creeps past, only to reveal a tree branch on a windy night.
It is the random formation of similarities between any one existent stimuli and another.
Not so much free-form pattern association or applied intuition.
More taking full advantage of the interconnectedness of every single membrane available.

THREE

Infinity spirals into and out of itself in waves of distortion and amplification.
A smooth plane with many drops of water forms tiny bubbles in the still air.
Fate comes along and makes tectonic shifts in the plane.
Bubbles collide, becoming One With Each Other, and move up in the world.
Just as soon as a puddle forms, another shift occurs, and splits the puddle back into many tiny bubbles.

Let's take a step back, as this simplifies the process.
The plane itself is composed of these bubbles.
The air is not still, as the air itself is composed of these bubbles, only in a different state of agitation.
The tectonic shifts occur as a result of the tension built up through the constant motion of the bubbles.
The bubbles are actually societies, or continents, or planets, or languages, or ideologies.

Let's take a step back, as this obscures the information being presented.
The plane itself is the ur- and uber-membrane, the links in the chain, as well as the chain itself.
The air is not still, lines of flight are being drawn at every instance.
The tectonic shifts open new possibilities by life, death, and rebirth of membranes and their contents.
The bubbles are actually ways of communication, ways to execute code, ways to inform becoming.



FOUR

The cold grip of the future drags the past into conflict with the present, consumed by a lust for analysis.
The distant hum of the past is ignored in favor of linear progress at breakneck speed, no time for now.
What the future has in store is more of the same, it can take care of itself.
History may not rhyme, but the membranes of now come from the collision of membranes long gone.
The membranes of the future will follow as such.
These interactions certainly do have familiar, if complex and dissonant, beats.

Perhaps the coming desertification of the global membrane system at the hands of capital is prescient.
Water is the source of biological life – water is a perfect example of the prime membrane.
It is also a perfect example of the ways membranes interact.
Nothing dissolves quite like the patient intensity of a flowing stream.
No other breeding ground can quite compare to the liminal zone of standing water.

Water has also sustained capital by way of the transportation of goods, services, warfare, and slavery.
It has sustained the very Membrane that turns its broad skeletal face away from itself.
Away from the patterns of life, death, and rebirth which are as necessary for capital as they are for all.

Nothing demands the denial of life, the fear of death, and the refusal of rebirth quite like capital
No other System can quite compare to this masquerade.
Water is immanence by another name.
And both are only the pattern's guises.

With greater acceleration the chaos of the infinite membrane scales produces multidimensional drains.
A higher concentration of data is achieved due to the density and velocity of membranes.
This occurs nearer to the center of a drain.
Membranes grow and collapse along with the pulse and flow as light marches towards a black hole.

With the development of the brain comes a sophisticated way of mapping the swirls of vortexes.
The brain is nothing other than an automatic distortion machine, fine-tuned to navigate the stormwave.
With the extension of the brain into multidimensional formations Humanity is achieved.
Through hands, tongues – and through crystallization, tools, speech – Humanity takes shape.
Humanity is transcendence by another name.
And both are only capital's guises.

Transcendence is inherently opposed to becoming; Becoming is a process of actualized immanence.
Capital is a means of attempted stabilization of the stormwave.
Stability is neutralization of threats, the freezing chill of deep outer space.
Neutralization, or the botched management of a feedback loop, only produces further chaos.
As such neutralization is impossible in all but the viewpoint of an isolated membrane.
However, no membrane is isolated.
All membranes are in constant interaction with all others through proxy of the links in the chain.
It is only capital that operates within the mindset of isolation.
It is only capital that aims to put an end to difference and repetition.

And yet.
It is only capital that inputs such a great amount of distortion and amplification into all it seeps into.
The output of such a situation guarantees that transcendence is temporary.